

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Volume XIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 2, 1881.

Number 28.

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## Our Staff.

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## The Dawning of the Day.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

Hope! Hope!  
The hour is coming,  
And the dawning of the day  
Fast sheds its mellow glory,  
As the sun's bright golden ray  
Puts to blush the timid sky  
While each star has shut an eye,  
And the tide of morn approaches  
In its glory from the East.

Hope! Hope!  
The hour is coming,  
And the little star seeks rest  
As a child, that growing weary,  
Nestles to its mother's breast;  
All the glories of the night  
Lose their soft enchanting light,  
For the lord of day approaches  
In his chariot from the East.

Hope! Hope!  
The hour is coming,  
And the purpl'd heavens above  
Beam upon the dissolution  
In Faith and Hope and Love,  
As a flash of golden light  
Paints with fire each summit height,  
And the sky as one great ocean  
Fast proclaims the day begun.

Hope! Hope!  
The dewy tear-drops,  
Wept in night's dark bitter hour,  
Cling like rubies and bright diamonds  
To each leaf and bud and flower,  
So will sorrow in the breast  
Change to rubies and be blest,  
And the sun of Hope resplendent  
Light the hour.

Extract of the Lecture Delivered in South Bend  
on the Afternoon of the 27th inst., Before  
the St. Joseph's Temperance Society, by  
G. E. Clarke.

Varied are the motives that cause men to assemble in common. When these motives are of a religious nature, they force men to adore an omnipotent Creator and to acknowledge themselves His creatures. But when the subject relates merely to man, and his relations with fellow-men, of all the incentives which impel them to come together, patriotism is the most noble, the most worthy. Parental and filial affection, with something of a higher nature, blend to form the attributes of the patriot. In the catalogue of the world's great, no name is written in brighter characters than the patriot's; his memory ceases not with his life, but is the theme of eulogy for ages to come. Yet how inadequate is all this to portray his worth? for never did man espouse a nobler cause, nor labor for a dearer object. Guided on by the star of freedom, no sacrifice can daunt him, and an imperishable crown is his. A great mind has said, and truly too, that freedom is the richest inheritance, patriotism the purest spirit that ever lodged in the human breast. One is the sweet, the cherished prize; the other, the inflexible weapon by which that prize is attained. One is the jewelled target; the other, the weapon true to the mark. Both have clothed the hero in the robes of glory, and buried the despot in the gloom of defeat. Both have remodelled the world's maps and generalised the human race in the onward march of civilization. Both have pulled tyrants from their thrones, and from chains lifted people to liberty. That all men should be equal in rights, is evident from their similarity of condition at birth, the state of ignorance in which they begin their years, the obstacles they encounter, the afflictions that befall them, the limited heights to which they may ascend, and above all, that oft-forgotten, but yet inevitable, ordeal through which all men must pass. Providence repudiating it, we, His dependents, cannot, must not, countenance any system tending to inequality. But results are not always those which Providence designed. Each man does not inherit that which the Father of all bequeathed him. The terms strong and weak have introduced strange modifications. Families have grown into tribes, and tribes into nations. Intrigue and artfulness have succeeded frankness and honesty. Pride has supplanted charity, and selfishness has dethroned justice, and now appears in the demon-like shape of oppression. In the world's turmoil we see to-day all the passions marshalled against one another, pushing and jarring, advancing and retreating, ascending and vanishing,—the feeble crushed by the mighty. But these acts of

selfishness, of usurpation, and of oppression are not the off-spring of yesterday. Ruins in Thrace bear the bombastic inscription, "Sesostris, king of kings, and lord of lords." Babylon and Ninevah passed under the Persian yoke, while Persia, with Sparta and Athens, bowed to the Macedonian conqueror; Macedon, in turn, yielded to the martial spirit of the Romans; while patrician and plebian tolled the dirge for all. Thus domineering lords and abject slaves, tyrannical mastery and grovelling subserviency have buried nations in an everlasting night. All that Oriental world, the cradle of the human family, the nursery of civilization, is to-day curtained from our view, and groans under the galling yoke of the Mussulman. It is the policy of the patrician and the master that attracts the Russians to Constantinople, that erased Poland from the map of Europe, and divided her possessions to satiate the appetites of greedy rulers. The results of this policy taught the farmers of '76 to unite and win, and they have for seven centuries fanned a flame in Ireland's heart that has now burst forth apparently with uncontrollable fury.

In reading the records of different times and nations, we are forced to dwell upon and admire certain portions marked out by the historian, and entitled the Golden Age. It is a time when there is a grand harmony and a happy reunion of remarkable men and memorable events, when there is a delicacy of touch and an air of grandeur and majesty breathing from the molds of inventive genius; when all that is warm and lofty in the soul of man halos his works of inimitable beauty; when talented persons, rich imaginations, fertile minds, masters and guides in the branches of the fine arts and polite literature, contribute to posterity masterpieces that tend to human elevation. Thus we read of the times of Pericles, of Cæsar-Augustus, of Leo the X, of Louis the XIV: and so, too, are we inflamed with intellectual delight at the Golden Age of the Emerald Isle. From the sixth to the ninth century, Ireland, under her chosen ruler, extended a helping hand to less fortunate nations. The successive invasions of the Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Huns and Avari had almost annihilated civilization in parts of Continental Europe. The Saracen, with the Koran in one hand and sword in the other, was adding to the gloom: while the Irish lamp brightly burned, its rays penetrating as far south as the snow-capped Alps. The gorgeous sun then shone on Ireland with bewitching brightness; the firmament was studded with stars that glittered on a land of happiness; nature, too, added to the scene and put forth her choicest flowers. Tara's palace rang with the voices of bards, and was adorned with the beauty of the land; gallant chiefs in polished armor gave grandeur to the scene, while all bowed in chivalric grace to the kindly eye and glowing cheek of lovely woman. The land was dotted with schools, while classic youths and aged philosophers basked in the rays of peaceful happiness. But this state of affairs was not to be permanent. Ireland's Golden Age was brief. Only three hundred years were accorded her as a nation. The warlike Dane intruded on her green shores; and, from a sanctuary of knowledge, she was converted into a theatre of battles. The Danes did not conquer, but brave Boru perished in the arms of victory. Here a respite might have been expected for Irishmen to replant the tree of their former greatness, to again assume their former supremacy; but prosperity was to Ireland, as it has so often been to individuals and nations, the cause of downfall. Ireland's sons still grasped their battle-axes; they wished

to continue fighting; not, however, with invaders, not with usurpers, not with tyrants; but, sorrowfully I say it, with themselves. For two long centuries Irish blood was spilt by Irishmen. A civil war, with faction against faction, clan against clan, chief against chief, and prince against prince, tore up the pillars of their country's former greatness and prepared the land for the abode of invaders—of tyrants who have made Ireland a synonym of want, and her sons objects of derision and scorn.

To have a clear idea of the nature of the means by which Ireland came under English rule, it is necessary that we advert to the twelfth century of the Christian era, a time when subjects and rulers, prince and people, acknowledged the Pope of Rome to be their superior in both spiritual and temporal matters, their arbitrator in disputes, and counsellor in national affairs. This acknowledgment was also strengthened by the donation of the first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, who gave the jurisdiction of all islands to the Roman Pontiff; hence it was that Ireland recognized the Pontiff's supremacy. As has been already stated, Irishmen, after the expulsion of the Danes, became disunited; then dissensions were fast paving the way to barbarism. About this time the Chair of St. Peter was occupied by Nicholas Brakspeare, the son of a poor laboring man, who had risen from one of the humblest walks of life by his piety, virtue, and delicacy of conscience, to the highest dignity on earth—that of Vicar of Christ—under the name of Adrian the Fourth. The English Crown was worn by Henry the Second, the grandson, but not immediate successor, of Henry the First. Now this monarch, the most partial and prejudicial historians admit it, was a reservoir of jealousy, treachery and deceit. By his marriage, he came in possession of untold wealth; yet he caused his wife to be loaded with chains; he was jealous of his own children and quarrelled with them; he refused to allow the consort of his eldest son to be crowned with her husband; he tyrannized over his nobles; he fought with the Pope; he guided the hand that deprived the Catholic Church of one of the greatest prelates that ever lived. Yet this is the individual the English would have us believe the Pope of Rome chose to govern the Irish people. Can there be anything more absurd? Again, if permission were given, on what plea does history state that it was grounded? "To extirpate vice from the Lord's vineyard and restore the Irish race to civilization," not to hold Ireland as subject to England. Again, if permission were given, why did not Henry present it when he and his troops landed the first time on the Irish shores? No: he acted as any invader, as any usurper, as any tyrant would: he battled with the natives, and left, after obtaining only a partial submission. He said nothing about the Bull; and twenty years after, when Adrian, and all connected with his official duties, had paid the debt of nature; when none could deny the validity of the forged document, he crosses over to Ireland and reads to the synod a paper, purporting to have been given him by Adrian the Fourth for the subjugation of Ireland. Why did he not read this document twenty years before, and not cause the death of numbers of his own soldiers? Is it likely that he would risk the result of battles with a people that had given the Danes such overwhelming defeats, when the simple showing of a paper might have caused all difficulties to cease? The fact is, Henry had no right, no permission, no authority to molest the Irish people; and all assertions to the contrary are ingenious and palpable false-

hoods that dwindle to the ground when confronted with the evidence arrayed against them. Nevertheless, Henry did land upon the Irish shores, and the partial submission that he then received has since been construed into a right of conquest. Since then Ireland has been enshrouded in the gloom of war-clouds; her heaving bosom has been pressed down by scarlet-coated mercenaries; injured and outraged, she is the object of universal commiseration,—a land of unhappiness, a history replete with failures. The student, when reading her sorrows, is oftentimes forced to turn away and resolve to read no further. The deeds of that man, who sported with reputation, treasures and blood; who beheaded, racked, ripped up, and cut into quarters Irish sons and daughters, must cause an Englishman to wish he were a Hottentot rather than a countryman of him who sent More and Fisher to the block.

But these are only introductions to the horrors that followed. Irishmen were forced to live on the most loathsome diet, while Ireland's harbors were crowded with ships taking produce to other lands. When the roadsides were strewn with victims of famine, standing armies were luxuriously fed in the cities; while the coercive laws were being enacted and put into execution, the ball rooms of the landlords were lighted up with transparencies of Irishmen dying of hunger. When we sum up the actions of Elizabeth, we at once conclude that language is but a weak instrument in branding her the worst sovereign that ever lived. The tale of Wexford and Drogheda has been written in blood and tears; Augrim and Athlone will ever mantle the British cheek with shame. Yes, and blushing I say it, Irishmen too must hang their heads when the year 1801 is whispered in their ears: when Irishmen, cold and indifferent, bribed by English gold, let fall the words that annihilated their country as a nation, and doomed their children to be a race of slaves. We may talk as much as we will about Ireland's wretchedness and degradation, about her frequent and pitiful calls for bread, about the duplicity of the ruler that enthralls her; but, I repeat, the actions of her own children—those detestable jealousies and domestic feuds—the treason and treachery of her own sons have co-operated to bring about her servitude and helplessness. The great Lingard says: "History is little more than a record of the miseries inflicted on the many by the passions of the few." How clearly has Ireland proved the truth of his assertion. Millions of her sons and daughters have been compelled to emigrate to other lands, while those left behind have been scourged and calumniated. The thatched roof, the earthen den, and the mountain cave have taken the place of the cheerful fireside; a land of plenty made one of plunder. Picture to yourselves the poor farmer and his family in tattered garments, with swimming eyes—weak and tottering,—with outstretched hands, following their confiscated produce rather than be the victim of savage soldiery or stalking pestilence! Witness the ploughman, in his field, meeting death as does the brute at the hands of the butcher! Neither the blooming maiden, nor the infant at the mother's breast, has escaped the penalty; all, all have felt the effect of English misrule. Every attempt to overthrow the merciless ruler has met with a failure, every ray of hope has been obscured, every appeal met with derision, every cry with a lash!

Day and night England has utilized to rivet the links that hold Ireland. She has sent men to govern the unfortunate land, who rob and eject, who sow discord, who fo-

ment dissension, who cultivate strife, and who can murder with impunity, if they will. England has strained every nerve to divert the world's sympathy from Ireland. She has bribed the operator, corrupted the historian, bought up the newspaper, and dispatched minions to foreign lands to endeavor to prove the insusceptibility of the Irish race to improvement and refinement. But, thank God, other nations know her too well. They peer through the thin mask that covers the wretch, and almost shudder at the grim visage within. America, too, knows her wisely and well. It was England who thought to enslave her, who dragged her seamen from under the folds of the stars and stripes, who gloried in our late civil war, and then offered to caress us: and oh! men of Ireland, it is this same wretch that has made your lovely isle barren by her iniquitous legislation;—an island designed to be the connecting link between Europe and America, washed by a great sea, favored by an excellent climate, tempered by the Gulf stream, a sufficiency of rivers and smaller streams, a soil under almost continual verdure, is to-day subject to a foreign oppressor, without liberty of speech or action, no Parliament, no laws, no commercial enterprises, no golden harvest-fields, no factories, no flaming forges; her harbors and rivers quiet, her children in rags, looking over to charitable America to feed them, or they fall on the soil irrigated by the blood of their patriotic ancestors. Other nations are being hewed into shape, and write "Onward!" on their banners; but Ireland lies still and enervated—her motto obliterated, her banner in tatters. Do these facts call for feast and song, or for labor and resolution? Do they harmonize with glaring colors and shining trumpets, or with the blackest serge or the deadliest weapon? Are we to drown them in the social glass, or, with clear heads, be ready for the crisis? England, built on slaves, and propped by plunder, is callous to the world's opinions and cries out defiantly to you: "I have robbed you of your land, I have massacred your ancestors, and you lack the manhood to resent it." If there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, will lead on to victory; so also is there a tide which, taken at the flood, will lead Ireland on to victory. But are we ready for that flood? Are we all ready? is the chief, the paramount question. I fear not. Are there not many to-day who, instead of working for the elevation of their race, only strive to plunge it into deeper disgrace? Jealousy and dissension were the initiatory steps to Ireland's present condition: are not jealousy and dissension still prevalent? These faults have scattered Irishmen in different directions, until their sons and daughters, blind to the cause of the misfortune of their race, not unfrequently change their names, and step into the illiterate crowd to cry reproach at the land that gave their parents birth. Irishmen themselves, instead of entering into deep thought and study, are too often caught by the bait of glittering deception. The newspaper article that gilds the valor of Irish soldiers and the perorations that eulogize the achievements of Irish officers are too often snares for Irish disciples. The cunning politician, enamored of political fame, is aware of this weakness and takes advantage of it by making the vanity of Irishmen contribute to the gratification of his desires.

Again, how many of the race are becoming mammon worshippers? Scarcely has the child attained a certain age when it is hurried off to earn a dollar by manual labor. Other nationalities identify themselves with America's greatness by sending their children to school. They know

that the mind guides the hand. They know that the hand educated and the mind neglected produce the pugilist; but the mind and hand educated can move mountains. If we but look around, we must readily conclude that Irishmen have long enough had the exclusive use of the implements of manual labor. Certainly all labor is honorable; but you should now accept the chance of training your successors to be leaders in the strife, to swing those ponderous weapons which only educated minds can use. The day of the warrior and the soldier has gone, and in their stead the legislator and statesman guide the course of nations. The bayonet, shell, and ball are buried, and the higher nature of man is the silent but effective accomplisher. Our representatives must be educated; for intelligence is the stamp, the seal of a nation's progress. Intelligence is our best introduction to those of whom we ask assistance. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, if you cherish the patriotic memories of your native land; if you love the glorious home of your choice; if you wish in the evening of life, when time has furrowed your cheeks and bent your forms, to be shielded by protectors of whom you may be proud, give them now befitting proofs of your affection—proofs which they may be able to remember and appreciate even after you have ceased to exist. This is the propitious moment to obtain for them those privileges of which the British Government may have deprived *you*. Jealousy and dissension must be displaced, and wisdom govern; for to win, there must be a unity of doctrine, a unity of spirit, and a unity of strength. The lessons of that infallible guide, called history, convincingly tell us that moral suasion and logical reasoning spoken by educated minds, unimpaired by intemperance, are the most potent—the only lever that will overthrow England and lift Ireland to that place that God has designed for her.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

- Ambrose Thomas is at Nice.
- Mr. Sam. Franks, violinist, is now in Cuba.
- "Olivette," in German, will soon be heard in New York.
- M. Alfred De Seve, violinist, has several engagements in Canada.
- Dengremont is a protege of Dom Pedro, who forwards the lad a regular allowance of pocket-money.
- "The Bells of Corneville" has had over seven hundred performances in Paris, and is still being given there with great success.
- Anton Rubinstein is to make four concert tours this spring. Three of them will be in Portugal, France and England, the other in Spain.
- Mr. Willie Edouin has been engaged as stage manager of Forest Garden, Boston, during the coming summer. He will produce several new musical pieces.
- An American merchant, while in Tunis, recently, has had the grave of John Howard Payne, (the author of "Home, Sweet Home") put in order. The monument was sadly out of repair, but it is now in good condition.
- The St. Louis gentleman who sued the managers of the Italian Opera in St. Louis, for refusing him a choice of seats at the opening of the sale of tickets, has received \$1,000 damages. It seems that he was the first person to present himself at the box-office, when, to his surprise and indignation, he found five rows of seats marked off the diagram as already sold.
- Meissonier recently declined a \$300,000 order to paint two allegorical panoramic pictures for a Brussels firm who intended to exhibit them in Europe. He and others doubted if he could excel in that line, and is filled with orders for the exquisitely finished cabinet pieces at great prices. He recently sold one for \$30,000, the buyer resold it to a great Paris dealer for \$40,000, and he soon parted with it to a Yankee buyer for the great sum of \$50,000. Thus \$20,000 profits were speedily made on a picture by him, for which \$30,000 were paid. Stewart's \$60,000 picture by him would now bring \$100,000 in Paris, if not more.

—We learn from Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's paper, *The Pilot*, of Boston, which, week after week, is brim-full of news, that the sparkling newsy letter in Benzigers' *Catholic Book News*, signed "Oxonensis," is written by Mr. Arthur Marshall, the author of "The Comedy of Convocation," "The Two Bibles," etc. We have been under the impression, erroneous it would now seem, that the late Mr. T. W. M. Marshall, author of "Catholic Missions," etc., was the author of "The Comedy of Convocation." This brochure appeared anonymously, and it was supposed for a time that Dr., now Cardinal Newman, was the only person in England capable of being its author.

—A number of valuable letters written by George Eliot, at the age of 20, have just been brought to light in Sheffield. They are in possession of a grandson of "Dinah Bede," now resident in that town, and were written to Mrs. Elizabeth Evans and Mr. Samuel Evans, uncle and aunt of the novelist, and the "Dinah Morris" and "Seth Bede" of her novel "Adam Bede." They are pervaded by deep religious sentiment, and betray a keen anxiety about her spiritual condition.—*Portfolio*. Poor George Eliot! What a pity such rare genius should fall a prey to such skepticism! Had Mary Ann Evans not been early taught to look upon the Catholic Church as a compound of idolatry and superstition she might have lived and died a Christian: So also Carlyle. So also John Stuart Mill, who more than once attempted to end a miserable life by committing suicide. In the Catholic Church alone could the religious craving of the souls become satisfied.

—Judge Forbes, of Northampton, Mass., in his will, bequeathing a large sum of money for the purpose of founding a public library, indulged in a tirade against the Catholic religion which is perhaps the most remarkable effusion ever penned as any man's last words. The temper of his utterances is little, if anything, above the vulgar vituperation of an "escaped nun" or "Independent Catholic" mountebank. Most persons, even those who are not supposed to possess the temperance and charity belonging to the judicial mind, make their final arrangements in a spirit of kindness and toleration. In that supreme moment they look upon the bickerings of creed and class as unworthy an immortal soul; but this man, who was a judge, and who dared to pass sentence upon the actions of his fellow-sinners, could look beyond the tomb, and in his deed of charity incorporate a spirit of hatred and distrust that many of his convicted sinners might be ashamed of. We have not a word to say in condemnation of the man. He is dead. We only pause in wonder beside the grave of one who could meet his Judge with deliberate words of uncharity and hatred on his lips.—*The Pilot, Boston, Mass.*

#### Exchanges.

—*McGee's Illustrated Weekly* for March 26th gives a splendid full-page illustration of the Cathedral at Antwerp and a superb picture, too true to be allegorical, of "Disturbed Ireland—Before the Magistrate." The reading-matter of the number is very good. Subscription, \$3 a year. Address *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*, Box 2120, New York.

—*The Sunbeam* has glinted upon us and we extract one of its rays to light the path of our readers:

It is astonishing how much we can accomplish by improving our spare moments. Our success in life bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make, and if we aim at nothing, we shall certainly achieve nothing. With perseverance, the things we accomplish during our spare moments may be of the greatest value to us in after life. Idleness predominates in many lives where it is unsuspected. Being silent and peaceful, and raising neither envy nor hatred by opposition, it is a vice which may be indulged in without much direct injury to others. Some boast because they have nothing to do, but how much better it would be if they would work and try to improve themselves!

—The March number of *The Archangel*, from Oregon, opens with the sage advice: "Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of an ax," and we very much fear that a certain Kentucky exchange editor will grasp his ax with a firmer grip when he has read the Exchange department of *The Archangel*. The other hand, we suppose, will be grasping the capillary appendage of the quondam *Arch-*

angel. "A roost for rising psalm-singers"! Oh, naughty spirit in the assumed garb of an archangel, how could you! Verily, we shall be inclined to think thou art no archangel at all, but a spirit of a far different kind, unless thou swallowest the scurrilous words thou hast uttered, and do penance in sackcloth and ashes.

—*The Vassar Miscellany* for March is an excellent number of that ably-conducted young ladies' magazine. M. B. K., '82, contributes a well-written article on the four Jews of Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot; "The Celebration of the Founding of the White Cap Corps of Heidelberg University, by E. C. S., '82, is an interesting incident from a tourist's sketch-book. The reminiscences of a mischievous tom-boy, who

"—never had a piece of bread  
Particularly large and wide,  
But that it fell on the sanded floor,  
And always on the buttered side,"

is pleasant reading, and enlivens the department "De Temporibus et Moribus." The exchange notes are clear-cut in utterance, but temperate in tone, as becomes a young ladies' magazine; they are so good, in fact, that we would like to see more of them.

—*The Penman's Art Journal* for March opens with the seventh number of D. T. Ames's "Lessons in Practical Writing," and the stress which this chief among artistic penmen here lays upon the advantages of systematic plainness in business writing would surprise those who know him only through his artistic pen-work. Lyman D. Smith contributes an article on "Form and Movement in Writing," in which some of the leading features that have of late worked themselves in as indispensable accessories to leading systems of penmanship are laid upon with such vigor that we have no doubt a newspaper war will be the result. Two splendid pen-sketches grace this number of the *Journal*—one from G. J. Amidon, of Carter's Commercial College, Pittsburg, Mass., and one from G. T. Oplinger, of Slatington, Pa. The story—a true story, founded on fact, we presume—"A Most Remarkable Will"—is a most remarkable story, and will be perused with zest by the readers of *The Penman's Art Journal*.

—When the first number of the article on "Latin Tachygraphy" appeared in *The University Press*, translated by G. H. Balg from the German of Dr. Wm. Schmitz, we could see nothing particularly meritorious in it, but when the second paper appeared it changed our opinion completely. The article is a very interesting one; it shows clearly that the old Romans had a very good idea of phonography, and that all the credit of our splendid modern system does not belong exclusively to Isaac Pitman. The "Sonnet from Michael Angelo," in the last number of the *Press*, is a very creditable production, but the fact that it is translated by Mary Grant O'Sheridan is given too much prominence—a mistake of the editors, probably. Julius Nelson's review of Milton as a man and poet shows considerable discernment; it's a pity, though, he had not become acquainted with the learned Frederick W. Faber's critique of Milton, from a higher standpoint; it would probably lower a little his estimate of the spirit of Milton's poetry. The exchange department of *The University Press* is ably conducted.

—In the February number of the *College Courier* the able exchange editor attempted, and with admirable tact, to place on our shoulders the responsibility of the discussion between us. We think that if he reads carefully his article of November he will see his mistake. That article contains some very grave charges that were not called for by our remark. The rejoinder in his February issue opens with the following paragraph:

"We feel justified in giving only a passing notice to the SCHOLASTIC this month. Religious controversy is not in our line, but we have endeavored to repel the attacks of the SCHOLASTIC simply because we believe we are right and do not intend to be forced from our position. In November we expressed our own views of the question at issue; whereupon our antagonist, assuming a very learned and fatherly air, assured us that we were very ignorant and that he was very wise. Last month we fortified our position with quotations from Carlyle, Dr. Curtius, Macaulay and Guizot. We might cite other authorities equally good, did we think it necessary—which we do not."

The following extract from his November number may

serve to refresh his memory, and show who was the attacking party:

"The 'Militant Church,' as we read history, acquired political supremacy by perverting the truths of Christianity, and by incorporating into her system some of the distinctive features of paganism. She 'reared the mighty structure' of her vast political empire, not 'despite the attempts of tyrants and traitors,' but with their aid. Through all her history she has been, as policy dictated, the sovereign mistress or the fawning parasite of royalty. It is true that when kings opposed her ambitious schemes she sought to enlist the sympathies of the people; it is equally true that when the people grew restless under their heavy yoke, tyranny and the papacy made common cause. Treachery, assassination and massacre became sacred when used to advance her ends. She cherished learning while she could make it subject to herself; but when men of letters asserted their freedom she anathematized them. While the people were struggling for civil and religious liberty the Catholic Church was their constant and most relentless foe. She sought to perpetuate her power by suppressing free thought and by keeping the masses in ignorance. In direct proportion to the diffusion of intelligence has been the decline of Catholicism. These we submit as plain facts of history; and if it is true that the 'militant Church can never be at variance with herself,' so much the worse for her claims to-day: for certainly no religious system could be more at variance with the teachings of Him whose 'Kingdom is not of this world.' It is indeed true that Catholicism opposes the various sceptical and materialistic philosophies of the present day; yet these same philosophies owe their influence, we believe, mainly to the necessary reaction of the human mind from the absurd and monstrous tenets and practices of the Church of Rome."

"As we read history," he says. But it behooves a person to know positively that he reads history aright, and, furthermore, that what he reads as history is really such, before he ventures to cast such foul aspersions upon any religious denomination as he has cast upon our Church. But of course the chief blame rests with his "history," so called, which has surely misled him. To show how far wrong is the history studied at Monmouth, we need only refer to an article in the same number of the *Courier*, by E. E. Elliott, on "The Moors in Spain," in which the writer gives as historical facts things that never really existed outside of some so-called historian's imagination. He speaks of the Spaniards as being a benighted race until the Moors came to enlighten them! and of the Spanish literature of to-day as being "half Spanish, half oriental in character," and as still bearing "the impress of the Moorish dominion"! He says, further, that although Koran forbade all knowledge of music to its followers, music and poetry became common accomplishments! Now, to anyone who knows anything at all of the Moslem character, and the respect, amounting almost to worship, in which they held the dictates of the Koran, the statements of the writer in the *Courier* are not upheld by facts. "Moorish Spain," he says, "became the radiant from which emanated a light which threw its splendor over the ages of benighted Europe. Schools and Universities sprang up throughout the land. There all the useful arts were taught; there the student revelled in the treasured lore of antiquity." Now this is a very fine picture, and it is too bad that truth should compel us to show it up as a false one. And yet such is the fact. In the same rhapsodical strain he continues: "When the Moors, the followers of a religion of blood, took Spain, the inhabitants were treated with unlocked for clemency. When the Christians, the disciples of a religion of peace, became masters, the invaders were cruelly banished." It would be very cruel, would it not, if the Irish people, who have been ground down for centuries by British tyranny, should rise and expel the representatives of that tyrannical Government from their fair island! A pretty fair parallel. And then, again: "The Peninsula was again in the hands of Christians. The Moorish citadels were garrisoned with Spanish troops. The Mosques were cleansed and consecrated to the Catholic service. The bell that formerly called the Mussulman to prayer now chimed for Vespers." The writer is probably not aware that although the Mohammedans have a great respect for dogs they positively abhor bells, and as soon as they got possession of any of these useful articles they made short work of utterly destroying them. Beautiful history this, with which to cram the plastic youthful mind. This is a digression from our subject—the first that we have been guilty of—but we hope it will help to show our



friend of the *Courier* the unreasonable nature of the "history" he studies.

It ill beseems a Protestant of any denomination to accuse the Catholic Church of perverting the truths of Christianity, at a time when a body of the most learned Protestant theologians living, who had been brought together for the purpose of revising the Scriptures, discover that for three hundred years the entire Protestant world have been saying the Lord's Prayer wrong, and putting words in it that were never uttered by Jesus Christ. This is a fact, for the doxology, as it is called, ("For thine is the kingdom," etc.) is omitted in the revised version of the New Testament. Catholic commentators, and among others Dr. Kenrick, we believe, have long ago shown that these words were not spoken by our Lord, nor written by the inspired penmen. Some later person had made a marginal note of the words, "For thine is the kingdom," etc., and they were incorporated in the text by the so-called Reformers. We challenge our friend of the *Courier* to cite any similar instance of corruption of the Sacred text by Catholics. If he will examine the able articles in *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* of last year on "Beza as a Translator and Perverter of God's Word," he will find more, and much more, of that kind of work shown up. Bucer, one of the leading reformers, exposed a number of grave errors in Luther's translation. In fact, no two of the reformers agreed on all points; while they wrangled among themselves, Calvin accusing Luther, and Luther retorting upon Calvin, they all agreed only in one thing, and that, opposition to the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, has always been one and unchangeable, and holds the same truths now that she held in the early ages, and precisely as she held them then: neither more nor less. Pope St. Simplicius wrote to the Emperor Basilicus in the year 476: "The rule of Catholic teaching is ever the same in the successors of him to whom our Lord left the care of His fold, with the promise of His unfailing help, even to the consummation of ages." (Darras, Hist. Ch., vol. ii, p. 11.) St. Augustine, about fifty years earlier, in his book or epistle concerning the unity of the Church, written against the Donatists, says: "The dispute between us is where the Church is, whether on our side or theirs; which Church doubtless is *one*, and which our ancestors have called *the Catholic Church* [italics ours—Ed. S.], that by its *very name* they might show her to be universal." To-day, none of the many existing sects can show this distinctive character of unity; it belongs to the Catholic Church alone. She has the promise of Christ that the gates of hell (of error) shall not prevail against her, and it is useless to talk of her corrupting the truths of Christianity. Those truths have been guarded by a double chain of sentinels from the earliest ages, namely, by her Councils and by her doctors, and no sooner had error shown itself, whether in laic, priest, or bishop, than it was expelled from her midst. On the other hand, it is a well-known fact that no Protestant sect is to-day the same that it was two or three hundred years ago, and such of them as exist a hundred years hence will very probably have undergone still further change. They are *progressive*, so to speak, like all human institutions. Our friend of the *Courier* says: "There is a suspicious flavor of the dark ages about our erudite friend. Like the Church he defends, he is from three to ten centuries behind the age he lives in." It may seem so to him; but no matter how the ages change, the Catholic Church cannot change with them; and yet, like air or water, it takes the shape of the vessel in which it is placed. The Catholic Church is substantially the same now that it was eighteen hundred and eighty-one years ago, and will ever remain so. The assertion that we and the Church we defend are "from three to ten centuries behind the age" we live in, goes for what it is worth, neither for more nor for less; and when we consider that the Moslems, whom he thinks so much of, looked upon Christians as a very despicable race, and the Chinese think themselves exclusively the children of Heaven, we can overlook the idiosyncrasy of our Monmouth friend.

We have taken the liberty to italicise a few passages in the above extract, which is very strong in *assertions*, but wanting in *proof*. Mere assertions are not enough; he should have given facts in proof, to make the assertions of any weight. Well one assertion is as good as another, and

we, on the other hand, positively assert that *the Catholic Church never perverted the truths of Christianity, either in a single point or in many points; that the Catholic Church never incorporated into her system any of the distinctive features of paganism, properly so-called; that the Catholic Church never used treachery, assassination and massacre to advance her ends*. So far he has contented himself with simply asserting that it is so; we assert just as positively that in neither case is it so. She was founded by divine authority with a fixed doctrine, and neither Popes, Bishops, nor priests, nor all the world combined, can change her dogmatic or moral code one tittle. She has nothing to do with politics of any kind when they do not impinge the divine law, but her chief theologians have always favored liberty in its highest and best form. When the Popes acted as arbitrators between the various nations of Europe, it was by the universal consent and choice of those nations themselves, and when penalties were imposed upon anyone for infractions of justice they were imposed only in fulfilment of their duty as arbitrators. The elective principle, still in use in the Church with regard to the hierarchy, through which people from the lowest station in life become even Popes, always held in the Church, and it approximates very closely our own mode of political elections. St. Thomas Aquinas, who as a theologian has perhaps greater weight in the Church than any other man, when speaking in his *Summa Theologica* of civil power and the objects of law, lays down these principles: "The law, strictly speaking, is directed primarily and principally to the common good: and to decree anything for the common benefit belongs either to the whole body of the people, or to some one acting in their place." He thus gives his opinion as to the best form of government: "Wherefore the choice of rulers in any state or kingdom is best when one is chosen for his merit to preside over all, and under him are other rulers chosen for their merit, and the government belongs to all, because the rulers may be chosen from any class of society, and the choice is made by all." This is the Catholic Church's idea of law, as defined by her chief theologian long before our Republic was thought of. One would think that he is hearing a republican of the modern stamp, and yet St. Thomas was a monk of the dark ages! Schlegel's Philosophy of History emphasizes St. Thomas's opinions. On the other hand, M. Guizot, a Protestant historian of weight, expressly asserts in his "Lectures on Civilization in Modern Europe" (p. 300 and fol.) "that the emancipation of the human mind (by the Reformation, forsooth!) and absolute monarchy triumphed simultaneously throughout Europe." And in the face of these testimonies a Monmouth college man tells us that the Catholic Church is the foe of civil and religious liberty! The Church which claims as its children Tell, Wallace, Bruce, Otto of Nordheim, Fürst, Werner, and Melchthal! the Church which has elevated to the Papal dignity, on more than one occasion, persons of such lowly state as a swine-herd, the son of a poor artisan, of a fisherman, etc.! Some people seem to think the Church inimical to a republican form of government. It is ignorance, and not a knowledge of history, that has left this impression. The Republic of Venice was Catholic. From that republic, as Charles Sumner said, the American Revolution borrowed its essential doctrines, which are:—"That civil Government derives its power from the consent of the governed, and that this power must be surrendered at stated times, by those to whom it is delegated, into the hands of the people from whom it proceeds." The Republic of San Marino—an insignificant State—was under the protection of the Popes for fourteen hundred years. All the Republics in the world to-day—France, Chili, Peru, Mexico, Columbia, Hayti, Bolivia, Ecuador, San Domingo, and the Argentine Republic, are Catholic. There is not a republic in any land professing Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or Paganism. Nor is there one Protestant Republic, if we except Liberia, which is really a settlement of negroes from this country, the work of American philanthropists, and not a State, properly speaking, conceived and founded by the settlers themselves. In Spain they made an effort to establish a republic. In Italy and in other Catholic countries, they did the same. How is it that they never made an attempt, or even a half decent attempt, to build up a republic in Protestant lands? How is it that no Protestant nation in Europe has ever shaken off the monarchy? The two historical facts of the closing de-

cade are the birth of the French Republic, and the consolidation of the German Empire. And where, in the pages of history, can be found more tyrannical Governments than those of Prussia, England, and Russia are to-day? It is a noteworthy fact, that all three persecute the Catholic Church with a vim and vigor that would do credit to the pagan Emperors of old. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that the famous Edict of Nantes granted religious liberty to Protestants in France at a time when all the Protestants of Europe were persecuting to the death all who differed from them in religion. This edict, granted by a Catholic king to a small minority of his Protestant subjects, guaranteed them security in their residence and preserved them from molestation or restraint in the exercise of their religion. When Henry IV promulgated this Edict of Nantes, he did so by the advice of Catholic counsellors, and with the approbation of the Bishops, and even of the Pope. Not a single Protestant nation in Europe followed France's liberal example, and intolerance and extermination went on with them as before. When Mary, surnamed "Bloody" Mary, the legitimate daughter of Henry VIII, ascended the English throne, and Protestants were persecuted in intolerant England, not a single Protestant was touched in Catholic Ireland, although they were comparatively few in number and could be punished with impunity. We need not mention the horrid brutalities perpetrated on them in return for their leniency, when the no less "Bloody" Elizabeth, the bastard daughter of Henry, succeeded her half sister, or the butcheries of that hyena in human form, Oliver Cromwell, who deluged the country with blood. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that when the various Protestant Colonies in this country were persecuting one another—when an Episcopalian or Quaker or Catholic dare not enter Massachusetts without having his ears clipped, or being put in prison or to death, as the case might be,—that Catholic Maryland alone gave civil and religious liberty to all, and that it existed there *more fully* than it does in many of the United States to-day. It is also a noteworthy fact, that when the American Colonies were struggling for liberty they were aided very materially by Catholic France and Catholic Spain, while the Protestant British invader had in his pay the Protestant Hessians. These are facts worthy of note, which perhaps do not find a place in the histories at Monmouth, or if they do find a place it seems to be in such form that the students there cannot properly understand them. We advise them to purge their histories, and not to cast aspersions upon others without first studying both sides of the question. Our friend of the *Courier* has made *assertions* simply, without giving any proof; we give him a few *facts* out of many proving that his assertions are ill-founded. He is complacent enough to tell us that we are from three to ten centuries behind the age we live in, but when we take the attending circumstances into consideration, we are disposed to overlook this little idiosyncrasy of our Monmouth friend (we call him friend, for no matter how much we may differ in opinion, or how far his "history" (?) may mislead him, we are all brothers in Adam). He does well in upholding his convictions; but we cannot grant the truth of his charges, and they are too serious to pass unnoticed. Some of these charges we have answered; space compels us to defer the others till next week.

### College Gossip.

—The defunct Law Faculty at Queen's has been revived—members of the local bar taking the professorships.

—Vanderbilt University recently received \$200,000 in Louisville and Nashville railroad stock, from Mrs. Maggie Embry.

—Columbia College was organized in 1754 with the proceeds of a lottery established for that purpose during the preceding ten years.—*Alabama Univ. Mag.*

—Scene—Astronomy Class—Professor to Junior: "What time does Mars get full?" Junior: "Don't know, sir; never associate with such company." (Decided applause.)—*Ex.*

—Amherst's past record as given by Prof. Smith is interesting. She has 2,500 alumni, of whom 100 are missionaries; 900, ministers; 220, college presidents and professors; 600, lawyers.

—Prof. in Psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."—*Undergraduate.*

—Junior (parsing): "*Nihil* is a noun." Prof: "What does it come from?" Student: "It don't come at all." Prof. (quizzing): "Doesn't it come from *Nihilo*?" Student: "No sir: *ex nihilo nihil fit*!" Prof. settled.—*Ex.*

—Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, is in an uproar. Three young women have been suspended for refusing to remain in Boarding Hall. The Senior class, composed of young men, have taken the ladies' part and absent themselves from recitations.—*Tribune.*

—There was a young Prep. with a rail,  
Who tickled a mule on the tail,  
And then took a stroll  
To the heavenly pole,  
Naught was left but a shred of coat-tail.

—College professor (to Junior, who has been taking advantage of his absent-mindedness:) "Young man, I find on looking over the records that this makes the fifth time in two years that you have been granted leave of absence to attend your grandmother's funeral."—*Queen's Col. Journal.*

—Chicago's University is in danger of being sold out under a mortgage foreclosure. "Millions for elevators, but not a cent for a University," is the motto of the Prairie City.—*N. Y. Herald.* "Millions for stock-jobbing, but not a cent for College bequests," is the motto of the Empire City.—*C. C. N. Y. Press.*

—Harvard has the measles. That's because it opens its library on Sundays, no doubt. Harvard is just 240 years old now, and should know better. But no! "from bad to worse" is its motto, apparently; for the latest is, that the pass mark has been raised from 33½ to 40 per cent. Who can wonder at the measles, after that?—*Rouge et Noir.*

—It is a beautiful starry night, and two Seniors are out singing, the first Senior who studies Astronomy—"Look up there, and see how beautiful Orion looks." Second Senior, who does not study Astronomy, but who has a streak of Irish blood—"Is that O'Ryan? Thank the Lord, then there is one Irishman in heaven, anyhow!"—*Cornell Era.*

—The Independent Catholic Church has issued a "programme" of an Independent Catholic Academy, the faculty of which embraces a dozen offices and professorships, but, like the famous company of Mr. Vincent Crummies, the real staff consists of the Independent Catholic Church and his wife, and another Independent gentleman and his wife; those four and no more.—*Pilot.*

—The *Harvard Advocate* contains an article upon "Toleration in American Colleges," in which the writer bitterly deprecates the fact that free religious belief is forbidden to professors in his own university, and that cases are continually arising in which young men of marked abilities are withheld from positions their scholarship entitles them, solely on the ground that they hold religious opinions adverse to the authorities. Thank heaven, we are at CORNELL!—*Cornell Era.*

—Endowments amounting to over \$50,000 have recently been secured by President Potter for Union College and scholarships established which will date from September 1, 1881. The administration of President Potter has been successful in a marked degree; for during it Union College has received in the shape of bequests and endowments no less than \$500,000, and the number of students increased from 80 to 200. This showing is exceedingly gratifying to President Potter's many friends in this city and vicinity. Our former citizen has proved himself to be in a broader sense a public benefactor, for he saved from impending disaster, and placed on a firm foundation through his individual efforts, a time-honored collegiate institution which includes in its roll of Alumni some of the most distinguished persons in the country.—*Troy Times.*

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, April 2, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—The evening of the 27th witnessed one of those delightful Entertainments, given by the genial Prof. Edwards to the members of his favorite organization, the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association, of which he is the esteemed President. To say that Prof. Edwards conducted the preparations is to say that every one enjoyed himself. Not the slightest occurrence marred the general pleasure, which made the occasion one to be remembered. We were, therefore, highly gratified by a kind invitation to join the gay company and pass an evening of unalloyed pleasure. Our highly-wrought anticipations were more than realized by the pleasant surprise awaiting us. We took part in what was undoubtedly the grandest affair of the season. About 6:30 p. m., all the members and a few invited guests sat down to an elegant supper, and we must say that we were amply repaid for the loss of our usual supper. As usual, Prof. Edwards had a sumptuously-prepared banquet; and under his considerate supervision, no man was allowed to feel the pangs of hunger. Ere the feast was finished, a much-regretted absentee was announced; and "Pete's" arrival was welcomed with prolonged applause. When called upon for a speech, his *modesty* overcame him, and he was allowed some moments to collect his thoughts, whereupon he made a few remarks, and closed with the apt quotation: "You have my answer, let my actions speak." The boys all agree that his actions did speak volumes.

When the *debris* had been removed from the field of action the Orchestra from South Bend was announced. This unexpected kindness on the part of the Professor was received with loud acclamations. Now occurred the scramble for partners, and not a few were the couples comically matched. The graceful blonde, Sugg, paraded proudly about with the bewitching "Sarah Bernhardt" leaning heavily upon his brawny arm. The inevitable Smith re-

mained by the side of the charming, dimpled brunette, O'Donnell, during the entire evening. Frank, you seemed to be entirely oblivious of the fact that Prof. D—was immediately behind you, blushing continually, and dreadfully embarrassed at his unfortunate position. Captain Cocke and his fair partner, the dashing, sweetly-carolling McGinness, from Bologna, were the finest looking couple on the floor. The "legal lights" well maintained their reputation for gracefulness, as well as dignity, in the overwhelming evolutions of Geo. Clarke and his loquacious *vis-a-vis* McEniry. The *platonic* affection of this couple caused great merriment. Our Willie McGorrisk gallanted pretty little Marlette, and in their rapid whirling about the room, resembled a pair of *tongs* with *three* legs. Hagan and Young elicited prolonged applause by the brisk manner in which they *tripped* the light fantastic. It is reported that Ed. McGorrisk and "Tobe" *scooped* the whole *field* in. Tom Kavanagh waltzed Stretch around to the tune of the "Jolly Sailor-Lad and Lassie." We'll not stretch for a pun this time, for we know when the public 'ave enou'. "Dennis" and "Dan" tripped the *heavy* fantastic. It is reported that Dan was too much for him, and they came down like a *ton* of herrings. How is that, Dan, *eh, hey?* It was a disappointment to all that Prof. Coleman did not accept Prof. Lyons's invitation to waltz (perhaps Prof. C— was waiting for an Irish break-down.) In a word, all was fun, merriment and pleasure. An intermission was given for refreshment, which consisted of the remains of last season, *i. e.*, cake and cream. Dancing was then resumed and dance followed dance, forms went whirling by, shouts and laughter filled the hall, everything breathed with excitement, till we were lost in a maze of perfect bewilderment. Suddenly all became silent, and a voice called out, "Last dance—partners for a Virginia Reel." Again the same buzz of voices in laughter, conversation, and mirth, mingled with the strains of the music and the piercing order of the caller, and all was over.

A vote of thanks was extended to Prof. Edwards by the unanimous consent and hearty good-will of all present, for the pleasure they experienced on the occasion. Among the visitors who honored the Columbians by their presence were Rev. Father Walsh, Profs. Lyons, Coleman, Devoto, and McGinness, and J. Francis Smith. Thanks are due Messrs. Kavanagh, Stretch, and Danahey for their efforts to keep the dance going, by alternately filling the position of "Master of the dance."

An evening spent in such refreshing amusement is never lost, and all who take advantage of such opportunities for enjoyment return to their studies with a keener zest, with an inward feeling that their energies have been recruited, and a consciousness of new intellectual strength with which to combat the difficulties presented in the lessons of the morrow. The anticipation of another such happy event will furnish materials with which to build castles high in the air for weeks to come.

There is a quaint story told us about a Texan preacher who had a falling out with his congregation. While the congregation and pastor were at daggers' points, the latter received an appointment as chaplain of a penitentiary. When he came to preach his farewell sermon, he took the following verse for his text: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."



—“For God’s sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;  
Some hunted by the ghosts they have deposed;  
Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping killed;  
All unthroned; for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court.”

The above words, uttered by that unfortunate prince, Richard II; in the play that bears his name, represent in their true light the insecurity and misery of royalty. The truth of the above lines has been placed beyond all reasonable doubt by the enforced dethronement, and violent death, of scores of monarchs since the birth of nations. Statisticians have furnished us with the names of 2,540 monarchs, rulers of 64 different nations, 299 of whom were dethroned; 151 assassinated; 123 died in captivity; 108 were executed; 100 killed in battle; 64 abdicated; 61 were poisoned; 25 died martyrs; 20 committed suicide, and 11 died insane. We may reasonably suppose that this list is far from being complete; for we know that the circumstances connected with the death of many rulers are not known, they being concealed for many political reasons. It is sufficiently complete, however, to convince us that

“Uneasy is the head that wears the crown.”

That true happiness does not consist in riches, or in power, the lamentable death of Napoleon Bonaparte will amply testify. At one time we see him surrounded by some of the greatest generals that the world ever produced, commanding armies, whose courage on the field of battle has never been surpassed, and who made Europe tremble and shake to its very foundation. In a short time we find him a prisoner on the lonely island of St. Helena, where he died heart-broken and in exile.

The tragic fate of Julius Cæsar, stricken in the Senate chamber by the hand of Brutus, his trusted friend, is frightful in the extreme.

The past thirty years have witnessed more than thirty unsuccessful attempts to assassinate crowned heads of Europe, yet the recent murder—we can call it by no other name—of Alexander of Russia, sent a thrill of horror throughout the world. There has been a disposition, on the part of the American press, to eulogize the late Czar, and to cover over his glaring faults with fulsome praise of his good deeds. This is extremely charitable, but it is charity of a very questionable kind.

No ruler of nations has ever been assassinated by acclamation, so to speak, unless he was essentially a tyrant and a bad man. The assassin of Abraham Lincoln was a solitary fanatic, and was not aided and abetted in his design by the South as a people; moreover, he was killed during a time of war. But Alexander has been persistently hunted down. Russia, though disturbed by the dissension of malcontents, has practically been in a state of peace for some years: yet hundreds of men have employed brain, and muscle, and labor to accomplish their ruler’s death. At last they have succeeded.

One of Alexander’s ruling ambitions was to extend the Russian domain. This was not in accordance with the wishes of his people, yet he was in no way influenced by them; and in the gratification of this ambition,—as in the war with Turkey,—sacrificed thousands of lives. The Czar was absolute, and he ruled with a rod of iron. He has left Russia, socially and politically, worse off today than she was a thousand years ago. Since the aboli-

tion of slavery, in 1861, very little progress has been made. The nobility is shorn of its landed property, and the peasantry have not only gained nothing, but have sunk to a lower level, and are comparatively less free than before the Emancipation. They have only changed masters. The military system, which year by year weighs more heavily upon the people, has been maintained with inflexible rigor. The wealth has not increased in proportion to the population. The public credit is low, and the debt is immense. All the resources of the State have been absorbed by the Government. Military service is compulsory, and is much disliked by the peasants, who till the land. A word from the imperial throne, and all Russia is ready for war. Were the peasants well educated, the power of the Czar would disappear like a castle in the air.

The peasantry are in a very low condition. Each year they descend, drinking more, and working less. Corruption under all forms has invaded all classes. The village assemblies, the courts of justice, and the tax-gatherers are all amenable to bribery, and are all more or less addicted to strong drink.

The Russian church has much to do with existing evils. From the day that the Emperor arrogated to himself the headship of it, the clergy have been the defendants of the political system, of which the Emperor is also the head; and the church has encouraged superstition, and fostered ignorance, as a means of rendering the people more abject in their submission to the Czar.

We deplore the existence of unholy passions; we grieve at ignorance and suffering; we pronounce against violence; yet, where all of these exist, it would be unreasonable not to expect them to bear fruit in iniquitous deeds. And where there is so much utter misery among so many people, as there is in Russia to-day, we should not be amazed that the people should seek to destroy him whom they held accountable for their sufferings. However wrong this may be, it is nothing more than human nature.

Alexander was the most tyrannical of all the monarchs of this century. Who shall say that he did not deserve his fate?

—Last week, our exchange and local editors called particular attention to short-hand or phonetic writing, with the view of urging students to take up the study of this very useful art. Since that time, a few of the more “conservative” of our neighbors have spoken of the article and local items as if they considered them merely outpourings of gush, born of a momentary impulse, and which would speedily die a natural death from inanition. We hope their judgment will prove as erroneous in the latter as in the former case. From long, though not very thorough, acquaintance with stenography we know its utility to men of all professions—the lawyer, the editor and reporter, the physician, the accountant, and the author; and the older we grow, the more we learn to appreciate its importance. When, therefore, *The American Short-hand Writer* was started by Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, with short but practical lessons in Phonography, giving a thorough course in the art, with the privilege accorded to subscribers of having their lessons corrected by mail at the office of the publication, we thought it too good an opportunity to be lost, and urged our students to take up the study. Whether they will do so or not, it remains for them to decide. Our “conservative” friends may rest as-

sured that there is no humbug or clap-trap in this business; what the publishers of *The Short-hand Writer* say can be done, can be done. When they say that a learner can, by devoting an hour, or even half an hour, a day to the study, be able to write at the end of a month, they assert not only what is possible but probable. The cumbersome matter of the bulky manual, suitable for adepts, but a stumbling-block to beginners, is laid aside; the lessons, while thorough, are brief, incisive, and easily learned. However, when we say that a person can write short-hand in a month, we do not wish to be understood, as implying that he can follow a speaker and take a verbatim report. This cannot be expected. But what we do say is, that he can write legibly in at least one-fourth of the space and with one-tenth of the labor required by the ordinary long-hand. An article in a late number of *The Beacon*, published at the Boston University, measures the capabilities of such a knowledge of short-hand as we have spoken of above. Commenting upon the verbosity of English construction, our orthographical monstrosities, and the consequent drudgery of the pen being a great hinderance to the rapid recording of thought and expression, the writer says that stenography becomes an efficient aid in rapid writing, and that since its introduction in this country some five thousand copies of the various text-books have been sold. The writer in *The Beacon* continues:

"Now, in spite of whatever the phonographic authors and publishers may find it profitable to say to the contrary, it is not possible to qualify one's self to follow a rapid speaker with ease and accuracy without an enormous amount of rigid application and training. There is an army of short-hand novices, but the number of competent reporters is small. *For literary purposes, however, a sufficient knowledge of almost any system can be obtained in twenty lessons.* [Italic ours.—Ed. S.] A comparatively small amount of skill is required to enable one to write five times as fast as in long-hand. For a collegian such a knowledge of short-hand is becoming indispensable. A great saving of time could be effected, and a useful accomplishment acquired, by making some approved system of phonography one of the required studies of the Freshman or Sophomore years. It needs but little reflection to perceive the practicability of this suggestion. At the least estimation, full three hours a week during the last two years of the course would be saved by a slight acquaintance with Pitman or Munson on the part of the students. The mere physical drudgery to which this valuable time is now devoted tends to dampen enthusiasm, and fog the comprehension of the subject in hand."

A student at Amherst College, whose letter is given in *The Short-hand Writer*, says:

"I use phonography for reporting the lectures of the professors, while the students look on with wonder, possibly with envy. Most of the students here, save the half-dozen who practice the art, would consider no price too great to possess themselves of so admirable a means of securing the information daily presented to us."

Most of us have read Dickens's description of the difficulties of his first attempts at learning the stenography of fifty years ago, but stenography has been vastly improved since then, and has lost much of its arbitrary character. In *Browne's Phonographic Monthly* for February is given a beautiful fac-simile sample of the Benn Pitman System of Phonography written by a girl six and a half years old, and the teacher of the Cooper Union classes in short-hand writing assures us in the same number of the magazine that those who do the prescribed work through the twelve lessons find themselves before the close able to correspond intelligibly with their classmates in short-hand. There-

fore the editors of *The Short-hand Writer* do not make empty promises when they say they give opportunity to all their subscribers to become fair writers at the end of the twelve lessons, and all this for the pittance of \$1.50, with lessons corrected through the mail! The editor of *Browne's Phonographic Monthly* has also begun a series of lessons in the March number of that magazine, a good opportunity for those who prefer the Benn Pitman System. Price of subscription, \$2 a year. The editor of the *Monthly* is the Principal of Browne's College of Practical Phonography, New York, where instructions are given for \$100 per term of five months. He gives instruction by mail also at special rates. For those who have not money to spare, Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox's full course for \$1.50, through *The Short-hand Writer*, is an excellent chance, and we advise them not to slight it.

Our reason for urging this matter so forcibly is, that such favorable opportunities seldom occur, and, if slighted now, may never recur—for us. Students carrying from four to six classes a day are apt to keep aloof from any thing additional to the burden, but in this case they need have little fear. Phonography is being called more and more into requisition every year. A book-keeper out of employment who recently answered six advertisements in Chicago was in every instance asked if he could write short-hand, and, we believe, was not employed because he could not. This of itself should urge commercial students to take it up. A Professor of Languages in New York writes to *Browne's Phonographic Monthly*: "Fancy a clerk at the desk of his employer taking stenographic notes in English, then taking them to his own desk and correctly translating them into French, German, or Spanish—why, Mr. Editor, he would be a *leisus natural*, worth his weight in gold to the house in which he is employed." Don't let the opportunity slip, but commence at once.

### Personal.

—A. Kleine, '74, is in business with his father in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—T. Corcoran, '65, is still following the even tenor of his ways in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—O. Hamilton ('78), of Grand Rapids Mich., is now rail-roading on the Michigan Southern.

—M. Kauffman ('76), of Cincinnati, Ohio, has just returned from a pleasant trip to the sunny South.

—Rev. John H. Krüll ('65), who is a parish priest in the diocese of Milwaukee, Wis., paid us a visit this week.

—Hugo Hugh ('74), of Indianapolis, Ind., spent Sunday at the University. Hugo is prospering in the above city.

—T. M. O'Leary (Commercial), '75, was the orator of the day, at St. Francis's Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 17th ult.

—Rev. Father Hendricks left for Belgium last week. He will return some time during the summer. We wish him a pleasant voyage.

—Mr. B. Zekind, of St. Joseph, Mich., called at the University last Monday to see his son, Master Bert Zekind, Preparatory department.

—T. Gregory, '73, called at the University last Sunday. He brought with him a nephew whom he placed in the Preparatory department.

—J. S. Gregory (Commercial), '74, who is doing business in the large firm of S. H. & E. Y. Moore, 163-165 Lake street, Chicago, Ill., visited here last week.

—Mr. C. Campeau, of Detroit, Mich., called at the University last Thursday morning bringing with him his

three sons, Masters Philip, Charles and Alexis, whom he placed in the Minim department.

### Local Items.

—The ferret has been transported.  
 —We have been informed that there  
 —Snow-storm last Monday afternoon.  
 —The Minims are the best kite-flyers.  
 —"Vick's" lock was on file last week.  
 —The frost still comes in the dew time.  
 —"I was at the bakery, getting weighed."  
 —Captain, put none but short-haired men on guard.  
 —"I'll mount betimes without fear or dread!" Ha!  
 —"Fanny" is a new acquisition to our canine collection.  
 —"Give us the yams, boys; you can have the Irish lemons."  
 —Our "Babe" is always on the *qui vive* for something to mutilate.  
 —Rev. Father Stoffel is seriously ill with inflammatory rheumatism.  
 —Try not the pass, the railroads say. If you must travel, you must pay.  
 —The Cadets' uniforms have arrived. The boys look nobby in them  
 —Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau is resident superior at Mt. St. Vincent.  
 —The recent tilt between our two wise boys should be called a sage-brush.  
 —Are the Mulligan Guards to be revived in the Senior department this year?  
 —Winter is over: a party of Seniors captured the hedgehog Sunday afternoon.  
 —"And now look out for the April showers that bring forth the flowers."  
 —Vennor's predictions have been verified. Two snow-storms since the 17th, ult.  
 —Vice-President Walsh has our thanks for favors shown us during the week.  
 —The Medics have a "stiff" at last. They have purchased the dead ground-hog.  
 —Our Nimrods are anxiously awaiting the disappearance of the ice from the lakes.  
 —Our unreconstructed friend is at present engaged in awaiting a calmer state of mind.  
 —Three new Minims have arrived this week. Soon the department will be over-crowded.  
 —The Professor of Eighth Latin says that he has a youth who is the Joy of the class.  
 —To-morrow, Passion Sunday, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, of a Confessor Bishop.  
 —The Cadets, as soon as they had donned their uniforms, called on Very Rev. President Corby.  
 —The Columbians' banquet, which took place Sunday evening, is said to have been a *recherché* affair.  
 —Large banks of huge inky-black clouds gave the heavens a gloomy aspect on Tuesday afternoon.  
 —We heard the ice on the lakes sighing heavily, Sunday morning. Sure sign of its speedy dissolution.  
 —Masters Kitz, Snee, Farrelly, Droste, and Chaves, of the Minim department had out their kites during the past week.  
 —Every man likes flattery. It is pleasant to be told that we are great, even if we know him to be a fool who tells us.  
 —It took a bountiful supply of steam to make us feel comfortable Monday afternoon. Winter gave us a parting shot.

—The Junior Cadets were out parading Sunday afternoon. Quite a number of South-Benders witnessed their evolutions.

—God helps him who helps himself. This is by no means applicable to him who helps himself to other people's books.

—The Minims declare that they are about to organize a B. B. C., that will "scoop" anything in the Preparatory department.

—It was evident that a master-hand was pressing the keys of the organ Sunday afternoon. The playing was magnificent.

—The Faculty's billiard-hall is the scene of many professional games of billiards. A series of championship games will soon be played there.

—A poet asks: "O willow, why forever weep?" The poet is mistaken. It isn't the willow that weeps, but the boy who dances under the end of it.

—Our young friend, Master G. Tourtillotte, Minim department, left for his home in Toledo, Saturday evening, to spend a few days with his parents.

—The owner of the prayer beads advertised in last week's SCHOLASTIC has been found. Vice-President Walsh can tell you something about the affair.

—In 1858, we are informed, Prof. J. A. Lyons acted in the capacity of President of this University for three days. Of course the students had recreation every day.

—Some one sent us the Alphabet of wisdom, for which we thank him; but as he forgot or neglected to sign his name, we cannot make use of it for publication.

—All having government jobs, in the tailoring line, please call on our "Little Giant." Shop, Senior Department; working hours, 8½ P. M. "Lights out, please"

—Mr. G. E. Clarke's speech at South Bend on Sunday afternoon is spoken of as having been a fine effort. An extract from it may be read in another part of this issue.

—Rev. D. J. Hagerty was the celebrant of the High Mass Sunday. Masters Cleary and Gordon were acolytes-in-chief. Master P. O'Neill was the thurifer at Vespers.

—Bro. Albert, accompanied by a jolly crowd of Seniors, takes a stroll through the country every recreation day. Last Sunday afternoon they killed a snake and a ground-hog.

—Jeems's dog, most wonderful to tell,  
 Has music in his soul;  
 For every night the quadruped  
 Performs a barky-role

—We understand that a Fat Man's Nine is being organized. Now let the long, lean, lank gentlemen come to the front and show their corpulent brothers how to swing the willow.

—They say that "Dan" was heard heaving lachrymose sighs before he became cognizant of the fact that he was of the number of guests invited to the Columbians' banquet.

—A large delegation of blackbirds arrived here from the land of cotton, Monday morning. Bluebirds, chippies, robins, canaries, and crows, came in large flocks towards evening.

—Copper money is coined exclusively for religious purposes. It enables a man to feel that he has contributed to the spread of the Gospel without drawing too largely on his income.

—J. W. G., and G. J. R., say that we were somewhat mistaken in our last week's report of that game of hand-ball played between them and the Minims. The Minims beat them only three 'tallies.

—In our report of the celebration of St. Joseph's day, we were mistaken in saying that Rev. Father Franciscus was celebrant at the High Mass. Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau was the celebrant.

—Indianapolis thought he had some claims on "Charley Ross." The case was tried, Charley vindicating himself; and now Indianapolis wishes that "Charley Ross" was somewhere near the North Pole.

—The Physiology Class, spent an hour in microscopic

observations Tuesday afternoon. "Duzen" says that he now has a clear idea of the penetrating power concealed in a bumble-bee's puncturing point.

—When we know how to read we need never be lonely, or experience the least *eunui*; an amusing or instructive book is a faithful friend which we can leave and return to when we wish, and it can follow us everywhere.

—A volume of James Clarence Mangan's poems is missing from Mr. Eliot Ryder's room. The work is a valuable one, being out of print, and cannot be easily replaced. Mr. Ryder would be very thankful for its return.

—We noticed Mr. Rettig carrying the dead ground-hog towards the lake Monday afternoon. Of course it was dead; but that made no difference with our friend Howard who said that he'd bet the pie Rettig was going to drown the poor animal.

—We could not but admire the readiness and correctness with which Messrs. Tinley and Orrick gave extempore summaries of the essays read at the Junior Archconfraternity meeting last Sunday evening. The young gentlemen are a credit to their society.

—Two New Mexicans arrived at the University Monday morning. One has entered the Preparatory and the other the Senior department. New Mexico has its representative in each one of the three departments, Master J. Chaves being the Minim.

—Several close games of handball, in which Prof. McGinnis took part, were played on the alley in the Juniors' Campus Sunday afternoon. Messrs. Rhodius, Guthrie, Brinkman, J. Devitt, O'Neill, Fendrick, Rietz, and Fleming played remarkably well.

—The members of the Lemonnier Library Association desire us to express their gratitude to Rev. D. A. Clarke, A. M., ('72) for publishing, gratuitously in the *Catholic Columbian* a list of numbers needed by them to complete sets of the *Dublin Review* and *London Month*.

—Would it not be a good idea to have the ice which covers the steps leading up the main entrance of the University removed? The ascent or descent of these steps at present imperils life and limb. The same might be said of the steps at the Academy of Music. Let the ice be removed.

—The following are the names and positions of the members of the Silver Stocking, B. B. C.: J. McPhillips, Captain and catcher; W. S. Cleary, s. s.; S. Murdock, pitcher; N. Halthusen, 1st b.; A. Hintz, 2d b.; F. H. Dorsel, 3d b.; E. Cullinene, l. f.; F. A. Quinn, c. f.; A. Schiml, r. f.

—Baseball was the rage Sunday afternoon. Games were being played simultaneously in the Minim, Senior, and Junior yards. To an observer, it appears evident that all the players are out of practice. A week's training will make a decided improvement, as regards playing, in all the clubs.

—About 20 Seniors made a trip to Bertrand last week. They enjoyed the visit well, and report the town still existing, though not showing much vitality. The late freshets swept away the old bridge that spanned the St. Joseph River. The bridge is said to have been the first built in this part of the country.

—Eliot Ryder, formerly connected with the Boston and New York press, has returned from a tour through New and Old Mexico as far as Chihuahua, and has become connected with one of the largest Catholic institutions in the West, the Notre Dame University, at Notre Dame, Indiana.—*Boston Sunday Telegram*.

—A game of baseball was played on the Excelsior B B grounds Sunday afternoon. Some excellent batting was made by Masters Kleine, Scanlan and Maher. Jackson made a "daisy" fly-catch. Woodson did some good work as short-stop, and Morse distinguished himself behind the bat. Master Bert. Zekind umpired the game.

—Captain Cocke was kept busy Tuesday forenoon in removing the mud-charges with which some mischievous Cadets loaded their guns. The rifle belonging to Cadet No. 24 contained the heaviest charge. The Captain talks of giving him three days in the guard-house, with bread and water as stimulants. It would serve him right.

—The following gentlemen of the Senior department constitute the Active B. B. C.: B. Casey, Capt. and catcher; W. J. Brown, pitcher; J. Solon, short-stop; A. Pimyótahmah, 1st b.; C. Van Dusen, 2d b.; L. M. Proctor, 3d b.; J. Casey, l. f.; F. E. Kuhn, r. f.; C. H. Thiele, c. f.; scorers, T. E. Bourbonia and L. Callagari.

—The regular semi-monthly meeting of the Academia was held at the usual time and place, Wednesday evening. Mr. J. O'Neill fulfilled the required conditions and was elected to membership. ~~A vote of thanks was given to~~ Rev. Father L'Évêque. The editor of the *Monthly* is the Rev. of St. Laurent's College, O.A., for favors shown the Association.

—The following works were presented to Prof. J. A. Lyons, on his patronal festival, by the members of the St. Cecilia and Philopatrian Associations: Chaucer, Shakspeare, British Ballads, Comic Poets, Coleridge, Lytton's Dramas, Tennyson, Beauties of Shakspeare, Spenser Shelley, Mrs. E. B. Browning's Poems, and Familiar Quotations.

—Declined.—An elegiac poem of six stanzas, in iambic pentameter, on the "Dead Ground-hog." The Seniors ground that hog fine enough. Our poet should leave it in peace. We imagine we see his "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling" as he reads these lines. Let him erect a monument to the memory of the dead groundling, and upon it inscribe an elegy.

—A Rev. and highly-esteemed friend has presented us with a beautifully framed portrait of Cardinal Henry Newman. At the Rev. donor's request, we omit giving his name. This, however, will not hinder us from expressing our thanks to the Rev. gentleman for his kindness in presenting us with the portrait of one whom we have always admired. The picture now graces the walls of our sanctum.

—The first regular game of baseball this season in the Senior department was played on the Senior Campus last Friday afternoon. Mr. T. Dever captained the Sequowas, and Mr. P. Stretch acted in the same capacity for the Catchitifyoucowskis. The principal points of interest were the effective pitching of E. Dever and J. Welch, and catching of H. O'Donnell and J. Marlette. Score, seven to four, in favor of P. Stretch's nine.

—On the Feast of the Annunciation Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10 o'clock, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, by Very Rev. Father L'Étourney, with Rev. Jno. O'Keefe as deacon, and Rev. Father Fitté sub-deacon. Masters Guthrie and Cleary were head-servers, Masters Costello and Metz, light bearers, and C. Tinley thurifer. Rev. J. M. Toohey preached a sermon on the Gospel of the day. Vespers was sung immediately after Mass.

—Very Rev. Father General, has given the Minims two very fine lithographs of ŒUVRE DE LA SAINTE ENFANCE for their study-hall. The many marks of affection given by Very Rev. Father General to his little favorites lead us to conclude that whenever anything rare and beautiful comes into the possession of the Very Rev. Father, his first thought is to give it to his Minims. They wish to return him their thanks through the SCHOLASTIC for his much-prized gift.

—Since the roads are now in pretty good condition strolls through the country are a very popular exercise with the seniors. They have been out in large squads every recreation day for several weeks past, and the fact that not a single complaint has been made by any of the neighbors goes to prove that the students of Notre Dame unlike those of any other colleges, can enjoy themselves outside the college premises without trespassing on the property of neighbors.

—The 21st regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held March 29th. Master J. W. Start was unanimously elected a member. Songs were given by Masters A. Rohrbach, G. Woodson, L. Florman, G. Schaefer, and L. Gibert. Declamations were delivered by A. Schiml, H. Dunn, J. Bennett, A. Browne, J. Flynn, J. Whelan, D. Smith, E. Smith, G. O'Kane, F. Livingstone, H. Sells, G. Haslam, M. Herrick, L. Florman, G. Schaefer, H. Devitt, J. L. Heffernan and F. Wheatley.



—The 21st regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held last Tuesday evening. The question of giving an exhibition was discussed, and, as the majority were not inclined to appear in public, it was resolved that the Sorins would not give a play this year. They propose to excursionize instead. At this meeting, Masters Costello, J. Courtney, C. C. Echlin, A. Van Mourick, J. Chaves, and J. Kent delivered declamations. Master H. Snee favored the Association with a song.

—We have been informed that there was a key-hole-peeper, an eavesdropper, standing at the door of our sanctum during the deliberations of the Academia on Wednesday evening. Now, in order that this individual, whose name we know, may not, in future, be obliged to resort to such base and ungentlemanly means to find out what occurs in our meetings, we hereby extend him a cordial invitation to be present at our next meeting which will be held at the usual time and place on the 13th inst.

—The sixteenth regular meeting of the Columbian Literary Society was held Tuesday evening, March 29th. The exercises consisted of a debate on the subject, "Resolved, That the Land League Movement will Result in an Injury to Ireland." Messrs J. M. Falvey, E. Taggart, H. O'Donnell, and P. F. Stretch took part. The debate was decided in favor of the negatives. J. Welsh delivered a selection from Shakespeare. A. Thornton read an essay on "Gambling," and J. B. Zeller read one on "A National evil." The meeting was one of the most interesting of the session.

—The fact that Notre Dame University, under the efficient administration of President Corby, is in a most prosperous condition, is evinced in the large number of new arrivals during the past month. Six new ones arrived here during the past week. This is something unprecedented at this time of the year. President Corby is widely and favorably known all over the country, and this, added to his great administrative ability, goes far in accounting for the fact that there are more students attending the University this year, than at any time within the past ten years. May Very Rev. Father Corby long remain the beloved President of Notre Dame.

—Our Joseph has a little lamb  
It's very young and pretty,  
And everything that Joe doth say  
The lamb thinks very witty.

If Joe a walk around the yard takes,  
That lamb is sure to follow.  
We asked it once did it like Joe  
Says it: "You bet youah bottom dollah."

Joe likes the lamb, the lamb likes Joe:  
Now isn't that quite proper?  
Of course it is! then let them be;  
Love's stream! you cannot stop her.

—"Old Abe," the historic eagle carried throughout the entire War of the Rebellion by the Eight Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, is dead. This bird had a post of honor at the centennial, and has attended all the great army reunions since the war. This bird was taken from its nest in Chippewa county, Wisconsin, while too young to fly, by an Indian, who disposed of it to a gentleman of Eau Claire, from whom it was purchased by the members of Capt. Perkins' company, the Eau Claire Eagles, by whom it was presented to the regiment while organizing in Camp Randall, Chicago, in 1861. It was carried at the head of the regiment throughout the war, never receiving a scratch. Since the war it has had a room in the basement of the Capitol, and received the best of care.—*South-Bend Daily Tribune*.

—The 25th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held March the 26th. G. Truschel presented himself and was elected a member. A very nice sketch of Henry Clay was given by E. A. Kleine; John Adams was described by J. W. Guthrie. An impartial criticism on the Life and Times of Robert E. Lee, was given by F. H. Grever. "The Union" was well declaimed by J. Fendrick. The description of the American Flag by T. Healy was very good. E. Orrick's criticism on the previous meeting was very fair. He was elected critic. A very interesting Moot Court is in progress which we will notice in full next week. Pub-

lic readers for this week are as follows: E. Orrick, R. Fleming, C. Tinley, J. Burns, W. Cleary, J. O'Neill, H. Hake, J. Homan, E. Fischel, T. Healy, C. McDermott, J. Scanlan.

—Apropos of the discussion in these columns on the Chinese question between Mr. T. A. Daily, M. S., (74), of Goliad, Texas, and Mr. H. Simms, of the Staff, our poet sends us the following lines which he thinks should settle the dispute.

"Denly Klearney, he gone uppee,  
Chinee washee much good now,  
Put more elbow-grease in shirtee,  
No, 'fraid fightee, no 'fraid row.

Denly Klearney when come Eastee,  
He said Chinee stand no show;  
Chinee washee allee samee,  
Denly Klearney first to go.

All good Chinee now go Joss House,  
Burn blue paper 'cause Klearney gone;  
Hopee stayee Californy,  
Else cross water where he born."

—During a promenade on the afternoon of the 28th a party of Seniors had some exciting sport capturing a ground-hog, or wood-chuck, on the bank of the St. Joseph River. Zahm was the first to see his hogship swinging himself on the limb of a tree. Several of a zoological turn of mind were anxious to inspect the animal more closely, and quickly brought him to the ground. He proved to be a tough old customer, and an experienced traveller, and ran down the bank towards the river. Adams, followed by Bell, started after him, in a perpendicular position of course, but quickly changed to the horizontal, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, and tumbled down to the bottom with more speed than comfort. Bell took in the situation at a glance, though going down the steep bank at lightning speed, put on his air brakes, but they would not work, so he fell over Adams. On recovering himself, he seized the frightened quadruped by the caudal appendage, and carried it to the top of the steep embankment, where it was quickly dispatched. The animal was repeatedly invited to climb a tree for the entertainment of his captors; this he obstinately refused, and was not willing to bridge over the bloody chasm, but showed a disposition to fight it out by snapping at every person and thing that came near him. The boys resolved themselves into a vigilance committee to decide his fate as being an enemy to the farmers. By acclamation, it was resolved that he should die by the hands of Kuhn, Sr., and his remains prepared by a taxidermist as a specimen for the College Cabinet of Natural History.

### Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. I. Brown, J. Brown, T. Bourbonia, F. Baker, F. M. Bell, A. A. Bodine, T. F. Byrne, C. W. Bennett, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, D. Danabey, J. D. Delaney, D. English, M. B. Eaton, F. J. Garrity, F. W. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healy, W. S. Huddleston, W. Berry, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, M. T. Healy, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kendel, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, G. A. Monahan, J. J. McErlain, J. J. Malone, F. Morrison, M. J. McEniry, J. C. Newman, H. H. Noble, G. Nester, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, A. Pinyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, J. I. Redmond, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, J. S. Smith, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, C. Van Dusen, A. Thornton, C. H. Thiele, E. J. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Treacy, A. Wiseheart, T. Wiseheart, W. Walsh, W. R. Young, J. Welch, A. Zahm, J. Zettler, C. Brehmer, A. Jones.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Ayers, A. A. Browne, C. J. Brinkman, M. J. Butler, J. H. Burns, W. H. Barren, G. C. Castanedo, A. M. Coghlin, W. L. Cozhlin, E. Cullinene, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, G. W. De Haven, F. H. Dorsel, H. F.



## The Lemonnier Library,

*Established at Notre Dame in 1872 for the use of the Students.*

Donations of books, pamphlets, periodicals, &c., for the re-establishing of this Library, which was destroyed by the late fire, are respectfully solicited and will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the librarian. Please address

**J. F. EDWARDS,**  
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

## PRELUDES,

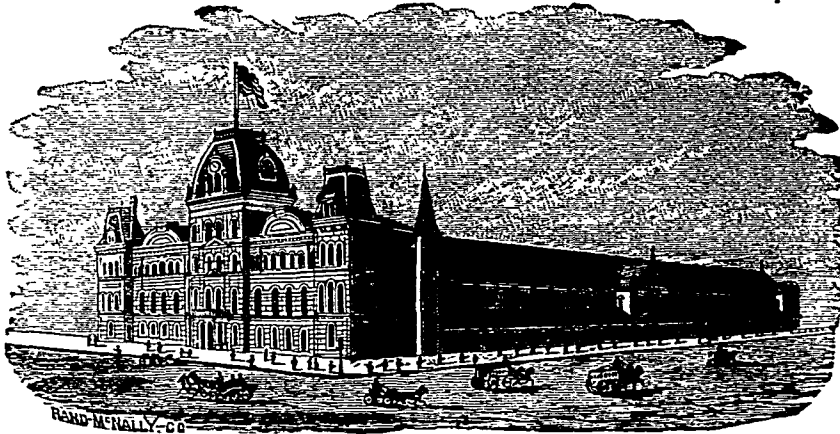
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## LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

### GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.

11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.

12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m. Buffalo, 4 a. m.

6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

### GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.

9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.

1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.

4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

### WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.	2 MAIL.	4 Special N. Y. Express.	6 Atlantic Ex- press.	8 Chicago and St. Louis Express.	20 Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	.....
Miller's....."	9 10 "	.....	.....	12 05 a.m.	.....
Chesterton....."	9 32 "	.....	.....	12 32 "	.....
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	.....
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "	.....	.....	.....
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "	.....	9 20 "	2 35 "	.....
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.	.....	.....	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	.....	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	.....	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	.....

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## Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p. m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 23 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

### Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.			*GOING SOUTH.		
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m.	6 30 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m.	4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 "	6 35 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 "	4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 "	7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 "	4 55 "

\*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.  
 HENRY C. WENTWORTH, H. B. LEDYARD,  
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FOR 1881.

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